



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

CREEPY

STORIES

RDG
\$1.00

TERROR FLOODS
THE DARKENED
DUNGEON
WHEN A MAN
IS LEFT ALONE
TO FACE
"THE PIT AND
THE PENDULUM!"

SIX CHILLING
ADAPTATIONS
FROM THE PEN
OF THE MASTER
OF HORROR!



PLUS:

THE OVAL PORTRAIT • CASE of M. VALDEMAR • PREMATURE BURIAL
FALL of the HOUSE of USHER • MS. FOUND in a BOTTLE

MY UNCLE,
CREEPY'S BACK, AND
THIS TIME I'M NOT
ALONE!

THE SPIRIT OF MY OLD
YARN-SPINNING CROWNS
EDGAR ALLAN POE
HAUNTS THESE VERY
PAGES!

SIX OF HIS GREATEST
HARMS LURK WITHIN!

SO LET'S NOT LINGER
ANY LONGER, GET BACK,
RELAX AND **ENJOY** THIS
SPECIAL ISSUE DEDICATED
TO THE MAD MAJOR OF
TERROR...

EDGAR



BUT COVER
The hideously bound movie described in
needs a shading, decomposing penumbra black
has become one of the classic images of the
or A CREEPY masterpiece by Ken Kelly.

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CREEPY

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promise me a worm story of a boy and his
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"The Raven was great, but where was Bowser?"

An old CREEPY tradition seemed to be the practice of putting one brilliantly written and illustrated story in this issue and then filling out the rest of the magazine with narratives that are by comparison mediocre.

This month, we were treated to one of those rare issues in which not just one story stood out, but every tale presented contributed to an all-around satisfying product.

Excerpts from "Year Five" was moving and frighteningly real. I read it with Jim Stanstrum's *An Angel's Gift* and Ernie Colón's *Tender Machine* 10061, as one of the best science fiction pieces to appear in CREEPY.

Budd Lewis is the most important Warren writer to emerge since Bill DuBay, and the best since Archie Goodwin.

"Oil of Dog" was an absolute delight. Jack Batterworth's tongue-in-cheek script was beautifully accented by Isidro Moneo's inspired drawing technique. It is by far the best story of a humorous nature to ever appear in CREEPY.

FRED JANSEN
Bell, Calif.

I have just finished reading my second issue of CREEPY. I saw my first CREEPY a couple of weeks ago. The first story I read, by Dave Moench and Vincente Alcazar, was horrible, macabre, gruesome, macabre, and fascinating. What an introduction to your magazine I especially enjoyed.

I've shown CREEPY to a few of my friends. At first they were rather puzzled about my choice in literature. But on closer inspection they agreed that it is indeed a crazy piece of escapism.

DEZI RAY
Cape Town, S. Africa

Man this Budd Lewis is really trying for a Warren Award! I never particularly noticed him until the EERIE Das special. Now I watch for his name in every Warren magazine.

"Holy War" had to be one of the most brilliantly written stories I've ever read. I usually don't like tales about medieval wars or God-ship and was tempted to skip this one. I'm glad I didn't.

And, excerpts from the "Year Five" was another masterpiece! It absolutely astonishes me how Lewis can write one story based on characterization and another based on adventure! I loved them both.

CHRIS PAVOVANO
Sayreville, N.J.

I have just purchased and read CREEPY #67. I loved the story "Excerpts from the Year Five" and "Oil of Dog."

The Ken Kelly cover was terrible! Do you believe that it is the main reason I bought your magazine?

Now I shouldn't have chosen the book by its cover because the cover promised a story that wasn't in the magazine. I am disappointed, but still a loyal fan.

SONYA SHINGLETION
Orlando, Fla.

What's the big idea? First you thrill me to the bone with promises of a subtle, sensitive, heartwarming portrait of a boy and his dog by Jan Strnad. I turn with anxious expectation to the color section, my heart aflutter at the thought of reading once again a story by a man I consider one of the top talents in this or any "field," a talent too long absent from the pages of your fine magazine.

And what do I get? Some ornithological piece of pulp by a writer no one's ever heard of. Who is this Elmer Allen Poe, anyway? I really can't stress too much the importance of not cheapening your publication by the use of rank amateur authors of elementary horror.

The only good thing about that strip was the excellent rendering of clouds. They're so real they almost seem like photographs. By all means have Rich Corben draw more clouds. Maybe you could have Jan Strnad write a story based on clouds. Now, where's Bowser? Here, boy!

JAN STRNAD
Wichita, Kan.

Bowser stepped out to his local hydrant-hangout, Jan, and never made it back in time for his magazine debut. He had to be replaced by Elmer's pet Raven.

Sensously though, Jan, the story "The Raven" was sent to our printer along with "Bowser" for CREEPY #67. We had planned to get a jump on this special Edgar Allan Poe issue by printing "The Raven" several months ahead of schedule. As noted on both cover and contents page, "Bowser" was to appear in CREEPY #67, but at the last minute, the magazine suddenly erroneously inserted "The Raven" into that issue instead. Rich Corben then had to draw up another Poe story for this issue to take the place of "The Raven."

If you'll excuse the pun, Bowser will make his bow in the coming month!

Excerpts from the Year Five presented an interesting possibility of things to come. But it was more love story than horror story despite the horrific atrocities pictured.

"The Haunted Abbey" and "The Happy Undertaker" were alright scripts but "The Raven" the best story in the book wasn't even supposed to be there.

"Holy War" had a good moral but it seemed familiar. It was almost exactly like the theme song from *Baby Jack*, "One Tin Soldier." But it did set the think wheels to turn.

"Oil of Dog" was amazing. A great change of pace piece to round out a fine issue of CREEPY.

BRUCE DANIEL
Powder Springs, Ga.

I am an old man of thirty-nine, who has been buying CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA since their first issues and have enjoyed them very much. I never write letters to the editors. I leave it to the younger, more energetic fans. But in CREEPY #67 you featured a story that far exceeded anything ever before published in a horror magazine. I refer to "Holy War" by Budd Lewis and Adolfo Aberlan.

I have seen the movie *Billy Jack* many times and love the song, "One Tin Soldier" as sung by Coven. I often wondered what the beautiful and tragic story portrayed in the song would look like graphically illustrated. And Warren did it! Beautiful! I know you changed some of the characters around and added a slightly different twist to the ending. But the story in the song was all there and it was splendid.

I had read only a few pages until I recognized the story and was even more thrilled by the words "Mount your horses! Draw your swords!" tapped me off, since they are directly from the song.

My hat's off to Warren and Lewis for this beautiful comic strip adaptation of a great favorite song. I wonder how many other fans recognized "One Tin Soldier"?

Now if you can only do "American Pie" in graphics!

BOB SNOW JR

San Bernardino, Calif.

Funny you should mention that! Have you seen the new Butcher story in this month's EERIE? It's entitled "Bye Bye Miss American Dream!"



"Excerpts from the Year Five" and "Oil of Dog" were two tales that sparked reader enthusiasm. There seems to be plenty of room for both kinds of story in Warren's magazines.

"Lewis rates a Warren Award!"

Regarding Rich Corben's "Raven" quote the readers "We want more!"

DANIEL BAILEY
Stamps Art

I like the idea of having controversial issues in comics especially when they read like "Holy War," "Excerpts from the Year Five" and "Oil of Dog." It makes the stories more true-to-life and much more interesting.

TIM JOHNSON
Des Moines, Iowa

Where's "Bowser"?

Either "Bowser" was unaccountably listed as the last minute I have what may be the only copy of CREEPY #67 without it (in which case this copy must be worth thousands of dollars).

"The Raven" more than made up for the loss of "Bowser" however. It has to be the greatest story Rich Corben has ever illustrated. And that's saying a lot! For one he has drawn people who are in no way grotesque or cartoonish in appearance. And the color is almost photographic. Especially the last panel with clouds, tombstones and plenty of mood.

The only mildly jarring note is the line, "So! You still won't talk eh?" I had expected it to be followed by something like "There are ways of making you talk!" But this is a major complaint. It's still Corben's best unless "Bowser" is better.

Excerpts from the Year Five features some beautiful art by Jose Ortiz. In a mere three months he has become one of Warren Publishing's most dependable talents. He is one of the few artists who can successfully use straight black and white illustration with no shading of any kind. This technique requires sure knowledge of light and shadow with no reliance on tonal values to cover mistakes.

The story itself might have been improved by the complete elimination of speech balloons. Even though there are eleven balloons, only two of them convey needed information. Still, a good story!

Indro Montes is the wrong artist for Oil of Dog. Such a story demands the Grand Guignol touch of Corben or Berni Wrightson.

Holy War? somehow lacked impact. Perhaps the similarity in theme to the song "One Tin Soldier" makes it less than original. And Adolfo Abellán's art didn't help matters at all.

BRIAN CADEN
Cincinnati, Ohio

I had just bought CREEPY #67 and the very next day received my copy of CREEPY #63 in the mail. What a week end of enjoyable reading!

I read #63 first and found it so good that there wasn't much room for improvement. But you guys managed to make the few improvements that were necessary. CREEPY #67 was fantastic.

My favorite stories from both issues were found in the latter CREEPY, although they were all great. Such imagination your writers have! Better hold on to each and every one of them.

"Excerpts from the Year Five" and "Oil of Dog" were the best of the lot. The Happy Undertaker too was full of absolute horror. All had great endings and the art was fantastic. Keep up the good work. I'll look forward to being with you sixty-seven more issues from today!

KEMPER WHITE
North Bradford, Conn.

Just finished reading CREEPY #67 and thought that I'd add my own comments to the list.

Michael Oliveri made some valid points in his controversial letter debated in issue #67. But I am inclined to agree with most readers that the Warren magazines should continue in the direction in which they are presently headed with thought-provoking horror.

I was not offended by "Holy War" even though I am Roman Catholic. There is nothing in it for me or any Catholic to be ashamed of. What Bud Lewis depicted was an all too agonizingly real look at Medieval Christianity. Those things did happen with no great exaggeration needed to make a violent story. We can't change the past, only learn from it as Mr. Lewis pointed out.

Overall, I think the best story in CREEPY #67 was "Excerpts from the Year Five." It was a beautiful and original tale. Maybe we are scared by homicidal maniacs more than headless horsemen. But how many of us will ever come in contact with either? However, Mr. Lewis' forecast gives us a startling preview of true horror that might soon be in store for all of us. And all because of our own stupidity and carelessness. I, for one, was far more terrified by Excerpts from the Year Five than by a hundred homicidal maniacs.

BILL MARKS
St. Marys, Penn.



Readers agreed that CREEPY #67 featured some of the best stories to appear in a Warren magazine. One favorite was Rich Corben's adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe's classic poem, "The Raven" a tale mistakenly inserted into the issue.

I have been an avid reader of CREEPY ever since I spotted #1 on a magazine rack quite a few years ago. Since then every single issue has been superb!

I give my most sincere thanks to every person who is involved with the production of this fantastic work of art. It has been the source of uncountable hours of enjoyment for me.

DAN DUGLE
Council, Idaho

This issue's mind blower is Rich Corben's interpretation of that classic piece of poetry by a true master of the macabre, Edgar Allan Poe.

In "The Raven" Corben has surpassed everything he has previously done for Warren. He really outdid himself. But considering the story, one can readily understand why.

I look forward to "Bowser" at a future date. All indicators point to fact that it was replaced, possibly "inadvertently," at the last minute.

GARY KIMBER
Ontario, Canada

I only have one gripe concerning CREEPY #67. The cover story that was put together by Rich Corben and (I believe) Witchman (Ish?) Jan Strand seemed to have been bumped for "The Raven."

Now, don't get me wrong. I believe that "The Raven" will stand as one of Corben's greatest works. I am simply wondering what type of story it was that caused Strand to break his period of isolation in the field of comic writing.

By the way, you buried my head with that extra page of Berni Wrightson art on the inside back cover of CREEPY #67. My compliments to him on the fine color. It's nice to be given these extras every once in a while.

STEVE JOHN
Wichita, Kan.

Production Manager Bill McAliley is responsible for the excellent color on the inside cover pages of CREEPY. Steve

As for Jan Strand's "Bowser" well, it will be turning up shortly. Maybe when we run our "Raven" cover.

HELP UNCLE CREEPY MAKE HIS NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

The decisions he makes can be your own. Send letters to:

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY
c/o Warren Publishing Co
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



everything you always wanted to know...about the comics!

the story

ON WHAT A NICE AUTHOR LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS

Have you ever wondered exactly what is involved in putting a comic magazine together? Or do you, like most readers, ignore the creative aspect of magazines, leaving that to the professionals and simply look upon them as another form of entertainment? If that's the case, you're missing an entire world of fun and excitement. A world into which we would like to introduce you... behind the scenes of the comics.

Most regular readers of comics can tell you step by step how their favorite strips are created. It usually begins with the writer, who plucks a visually exciting idea out of thin air and creates a comic script. The script is passed on to an editor, who judges the story for content, pace and style, and assigns it to an artist to illustrate. The artist tells the

story in pictures, pencilings panels onto large sheets of paper. From there, the pages are turned over to a letterer who adds in dialogue, captions and balloons. The artist then finishes his drawings in black ink. A comic strip's last stop is the production department, where it undergoes final revisions and corrections before being published.

In the coming months, we'll discuss in depth, each creative step of the comics. This month's subject is the script. Next, we'll tackle lettering. Then art. And finally we'll visit a production department, and see exactly what goes on there. It should help every reader better understand an exciting and fun-filled media. It might even help aspiring young artists and writers. We hope you'll find it both interesting and enjoyable.

THE WRITER

The comic book story begins with the writer. It's his job to devise a storyline that is original, interestingly written and visually exciting. He presents his story idea to the editor in the form of a one-page plot outline. Once the plot has been reviewed and approved by the editor, the writer begins work on a finished script.

A script for comics varies only minutely from a movie script. It describes in detail what is required in each picture to be illustrated by the artist. It indicates dialogue and narration copy for both balloons and captions. It even indicates which words are to be emphasized, and how loudly or softly each character is to speak. In a sense, the script writer is like a movie director, controlling and moving every aspect of his story.

THE PLOT

Before the completed script is written, a story outline detailing the plot, action and page-by-page pacing is submitted to the editor. This is commonly (and erroneously) referred to by both writers and editor as the plot. It shows the editor, in as few words as possible, what the prospective story will be like. It also allows the editor to change or expand upon certain points in the story before it is written, thus saving the writer numerous changes in the finished script.

The submission of a plot first, also allows the editor to weed out undesirable storylines, without having to wade through waves of manuscripts to determine whether or not a story is suitable for his publications.

Most writers follow the same general guidelines when submitting plot outlines. They make sure that

- Their prospective stories easily fit into the style of the magazine they are submitting to.
- The outline is no more than one typewritten page.
- The outline details each page of the story, with a description of action and pacing of no more than six lines per page.

• No more than three plot outlines are submitted to an editor at any given time.

• The name and address of the writer, the title of the story, the name of the magazine it is submitted to, as well as the artist it was written for, appear prominently at the top of each plot.

Once the editor has approved the plot, it is returned to the writer who immediately begins work on the finished script.

THE SCRIPT

A comic strip writer, besides being concerned with an imaginative and well-written story, must also be acutely aware of panel by panel continuity and pacing. Continuity involves the easy flow of the reader's eye and mind from caption to balloon to art to the following panel.

The script is a fleshed out version of the plot outline. It consists of panel breakdown, art description, dialogue and captions.

Within the framework of the script, the writer must make his characters come to life. Dialogue must be realistic, yet convey information necessary to the story's flow, as well as breathing personality into the character speaking.

Also, balloons and captions must contain a limited amount of words. Too much dialogue smothers the artwork and runs the risk of losing the reader's attention. Words and pictures should work together, not compete. Balloons and captions ideally should tell the reader things he can't see for himself in the storyline. It isn't always necessary to state "It was night," when stars peer brightly from behind a glowering harvest moon. An understanding of graphics is essential, since the writer sets his own stage. And unnecessary words should always be deleted when a picture works just as well.

Some common rules to which most writers adhere:

• Scripts are prepared in a mock comic page format, with panels, balloons and captions drawn in as they will appear on the finished page.

• Captions and balloons should contain no more than twenty-five words.

• Lead pages should feature three panels. One large, two small. All other pages in a story should contain no less than six panels.

• Story should open with a shock grabber, hooking the reader from the first page.

• Keep sentence structure simple. No run-on, complex or compounded sentences.

• Some common comic script taboos:

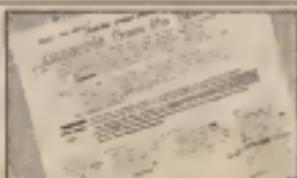
• Use no dialogue that is not acceptable in the public media, radio, television and newspapers.

• Avoid clichés in both dialogue and captions. Use fresh crisp, thought-provoking copy at all times.

• Avoid cliché stories with cliché, stereotyped characters and settings.

• Avoid sexual implications. Use common sense where sex is concerned in the comics.

After the writer puts together the finished script, based on all of the information above, he turns it over to the editor and has but one more duty to perform. He cashes his check.



An actual comic book page, as it undergoes transformation from plot (left) to script (center) to finished art (right).

I WAS SICK... SICK NEAR TO DEATH
AT THE HANDS OF THE SPANISH
INQUISITION IN TOLEDO!

AND MY SENTENCE...
WAS DEATH!

BLACK ROBED JUDGES SAT BEFORE
ME! I WATCHED THEIR LIPS MOVE
SLOWLY TO SHAPE THE WORDS THAT
WOULD BE MY SENTENCE!



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

STORY ADAPTATION: RICH MARGOPOULOS / ART: JOSE ORTIZ



MY HEAD SPUN WILDEST AS THE HARSH REALITY OF MY JUDGEMENT OVERTOOK ME, AND MY BODY FELT AS IF IT WERE DESCENDING SLOWLY INTO THE BLACKNESS OF HELL!



I HAD PASSED BUT IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING...



...AND AWOK IN A STRANGE DARKNESS, NOT UNLIKE THAT OF WHAT MUST BE HELL!



THE WORDS FORMED RELUCTANTLY, BUT REALITY COULD STILL NOT BE DENIED!





NOT THAT, OF COURSE, IT MADE MUCH DIFFERENCE FOR ANY WAY IT WAS GONE, I'D SOON BE DEAD!

I CONTINUED TO EXPLORE THE DRAWNS OF MY CELL! I WALKED NOT MORE THAN A SCORE OF FEET... BEFORE SLIPPING ON A SLICKLY-DAMP FLAGSTONE...



SHRAPNELL ABOUT THE COLD, DAMP FLOOR...
I LIFTED A SMALL PIECE OF MASONRY...

HERE! A STONE
CHIP! I CAN USE
THIS!

...AND LET IT
FALL INTO
THE ABYSS!

FOR MANY, NEAR-TIMELESS SECONDS, IT PLUNGED
THRU EMPTY AIR... UNTIL, AT LENGTH, IT STUCK AN ONLY
POOL OF STagnANT WATER, WITH A HOLLOW, Sullen SOUND!

SO THAT'S THE
DESTINY I WAS
SUPPOSED TO
MEET... DEATH
IN THE PIT!

UNKNOWN TO ME, HOWEVER, MY TERRIMENT
WAS FAR FROM OVER! THE LIQUID WITHIN THE
PITCHER HAD BEEN ASSAILED BY THE INVINCIBLE!

GOOD THING I
ESCAPED SO
GHASTLY A
FATE!

BUT, I'M
SWEATING
LIKE THE
DEVIL!

HOT AS HELL
DOWN HERE! AND
THAT GEESE CALL
ON THE PRECIPICE
DIDN'T HELP
MATTERS!

NEED A COOL
DRINK OF WATER
EVEN IF IT IS FLAT
AND TASTELESS!

AND MY MIND SOON WENT
AS DAZZLED AS MY SIGHT
SURROUNDING ME...

AND
THEN, I
AWOKE
FOR A
SECOND
TIME...



...TO FIND MYSELF UPON MY
BACK... TIED TO A LOW FRAME
WEEK OF WOOD... A GHASTLY
INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE!

UHHH...
CAN'T
MOVE
AT ALL!

A ROPE...
RUNNING FROM
MY FEET TO
MY HEAD...
WRAPPED
AROUND
ME...

HOLDING
ME
TIGHT!

FOR ALL I COULD REACH WAS A PLATE OF
HEAVILY-SALTED MEAT... TO INCREASE MY
THIRST WHILE WAITING FOR DEATH TO
CLAIM ME!

MY LEFT ARM IS
FREE... BUT FREE ONLY
TO FURTHER TORMENT
ME!

AND, IT
SEEMS, I WAS
NOT THE ONLY
ONE WITH
THOUGHTS ON
THE FOOD!





BUT THEN, THE GREATEST TERROR OF ALL MADE ITS PRESENCE KNOWN TO MY STUNNED SENSES!



THE END CLOSEST ME TERMINATING IN A CRESCENT OF GLITTERING STEEL... ABOUT A FOOT IN LENGTH FROM HORN TO HORN!

THE WAY IT GLINTS IN THE TORCHLIGHT! IT MUST BE KEEN AS A RAZOR!

I LOOKED THROUGH THE BLACK... AND THERE ABOVE ME WAS A MASSIVE, BRASS PENDULUM AND... AND...



THE MONSTROUS PENDULUM HISSED THRU THE AIR AS IT SWEEP OVER MY BOUND FORM!



WORST OF ALL, THE DEADLY DEVICE LOWERED ITSELF INCH BY LETHAL INCH AS IT SWUNG!

I CALLED TO HEAVEN THAT THE BLADE'S DESCENT WOULD BE RAPID, THAT SWIFT DEATH MIGHT RELEASE ME FROM THIS NERVE-NUMBING TORMENT!

DEAR GOD - IN YOUR NAME, I IMPLORE YOU! MAKE MY PASSING FAST AND PAINLESS!

BUT MY PRAYERS WENT UNANSWERED!

THEN, AS THE PENDULUM VIBRATED TO AND FRO, A SCANT FOOT ABOVE ME...AN AWESOME CALM OVERTOK MY SENSES!

MY THOUGHTS DWELT ENTIRELY UPON ESCAPE! WHY SUBMIT SO CALMLY TO DEATH?

PERHAPS I CAN USE MY LEFT ARM TO HALT THE RAZOR WHILE IN MID-SWING?

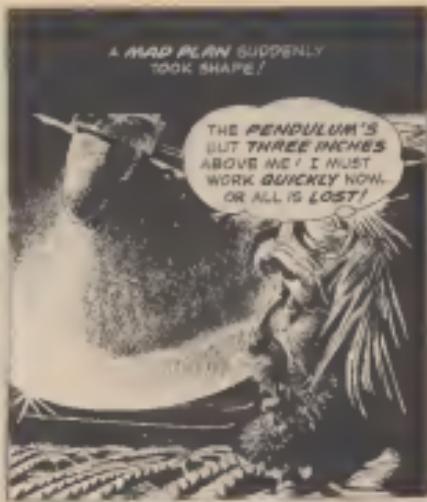
BUT...NOT MY ARM WOULD EITHER BE BRUTALLY GASHED, OR TORN FROM ITS SOCKET BY THE IMPENETRABLE

THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY!

DESPERATION CLOSED IN ABOUT ME...AND WHEN HOPE HAD ALL BUT EVAPORATED, I ESPIED...



A MAD PLURN SUDDENLY TOOK SHAPE!



LIKE A MAN POSSESSED... I GRABBED A CHUNK OF SALTED MEAT AND RUBBED IT VIGOROUSLY AGAINST THE ROPE THAT KEPT ME LASHED TO THE WOODEN BENCH!



FOR WHAT SEEMED TO BE HOURS, I HAD MAINTAINED MY LEFT ARM IN ORDER TO KEEP THE RODENTS AWAY!



NOW I WAS INVITING THE VERMIN TO COME CLOSER! AND THE HORDE APPEARED PUZZLED BY MY BEHAVIOR...



...AND ONLY WATCHED FROM PROTECTIVE SHADOWS...



THEN A BIG RAT FINALLY OVERCAME WITH ANXIETY, MADE A
MINDLESS DASH FOR THE MEAT-SCENTED ROPE!

THAT'S IT!
COME CLOSER!
DON'T BE
AFRAID!

IT WAS AS IF A SIGHING HAD
BEEN GIVEN! THE OTHER
ANIMALS ~~BRADLY~~ FOLLOWED THE FIRST... AND
STARTED TO CHOW RAVENOUSLY AT THE MEAT
UPON MY SINGLE BOND!

THEY CLEARED TO THE WOOD... THEY OVER-RAN IT. THEY LEAPED
IN DOZENS ONTO MY BODY!

THEIR STENCH
IS TERRIBLE... BUT
I MUST NOT WHIM.
MUSTN'T EVEN
PARE TO
BREATHE!

THE SCHMIDTAR-LIKE BLADE CUT A THIN
SLASH INTO MY CHEST... AND FIERY PAIN
SHOT THRU EVERY NERVE!

JUST A LITTLE
LONGER NOW...
AARRGH!

I'M CUT...
BLEEDING!

AND WHILE I BLEED FROM A WICKED
SLICE, THE RATS PERSISTED WITH
THEIR INSANE FEEDING FRENZY!



YES... FREE... BUT STILL IN THE HANDS OF THE INQUISITION! I WATCHED AS DOORS WERE THROWN BACK AND PREPARED TO GREET MY TORTURENTORS!

THIS IS IT! I'LL FIGHT THEM AND PERHAPS, AT LEAST, DIE LIKE A MAN!

BUT INSTEAD OF THE SPANISH MONKS I FEARED IT WAS GENERAL LASALLE ENEMY OF THE INQUISITION! THE FRENCH ARMY HAD DEFEATED THE FORCES OF TOLEDO IN HEATED BATTLE!

THE INQUISITION WAS OVER. THE BLOODYBUTT WAS BEHIND US!



AND I WAS SAFE FROM THE HORRORS OF THE DEEP PIT AND ITS SLASHING PENDULUM! THE NIGHTMARE WAS THANK GOD, AT AN END.

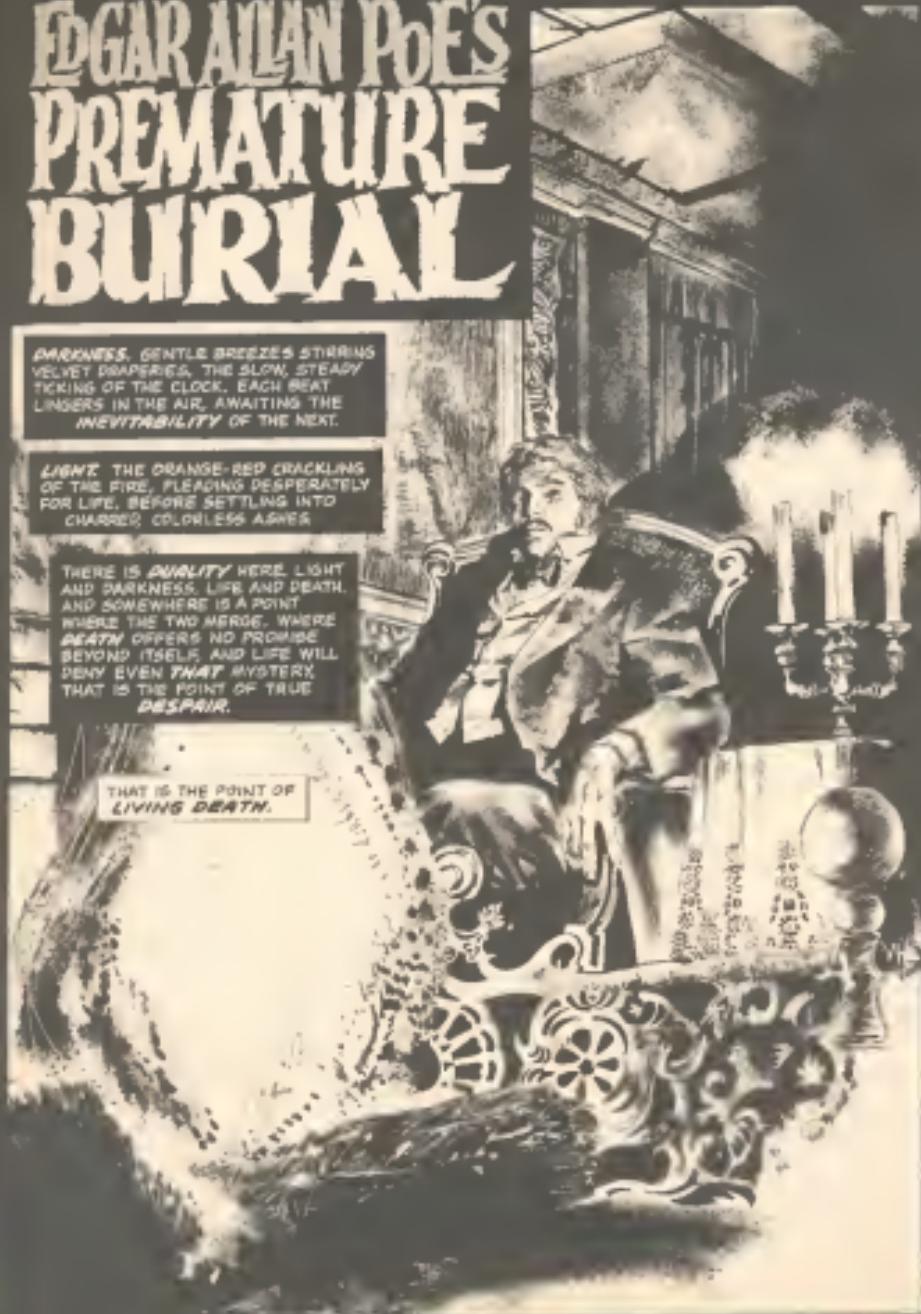
EDGAR ALLAN POE'S PREMATURE BURIAL

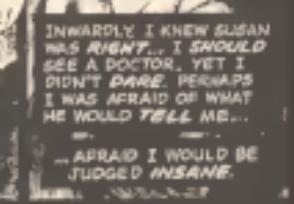
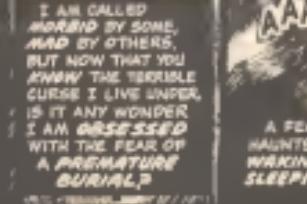
PARKNESS, GENTLE BREEZES STIRRING
VELVET DRAPERY, THE SLOW, STEADY
TICKING OF THE CLOCK, EACH BEAT
LINGERS IN THE AIR, AWAITING THE
INEVITABILITY OF THE NEXT.

LIGHT, THE ORANGE-RED CRACKLING
OF THE FIRE, FLEETING DESPERATELY
FOR LIFE, BEFORE SETTLING INTO
CHARRED, COLORLESS ASHES.

THERE IS **AWALITY** HERE, LIGHT
AND DARKNESS, LIFE AND DEATH.
AND SOMEWHERE IS A POINT
WHERE THE TWO MERGE, WHERE
DEATH OFFERS NO PROMISE
BEYOND ITSELF, AND LIFE WILL
PENY EVEN **THAT** MYSTERY.
THAT IS THE POINT OF TRUE
DESPAIR.

THAT IS THE POINT OF
LIVING DEATH.





IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED,
MY THOUGHTS GREW INCREASINGLY
MORE CHAOTIC....!

I TRIED TO REPRESS THEM
THROUGH SOCIAL INTERCOURSE...
CHATTING WITH FRIENDS I HAD
LONG HONORED....!

BUT FEARS AS
DEEP, AS DARK
AS MY OWN ARE
NOT EASILY
REPRESSSED...

I CANNOT TELL SUSAN, NOR MY
FRIENDS, OF THE THOUGHTS
THAT GROW AT MY MIND, FOR
THEY ARE BEYOND THEIR SCOPE
OF EXPERIENCE...

...LIKE TRYING TO EXPLAIN
COLOR TO THE BLIND!

BUT AS THE NIGHT DREW ON, I
WAS UNABLE TO CONCENTRATE
ANY LONGER ON THEIR PETTY
SOCIAL BABBLING. I HAD TO
SPEAK...!

I-I'M SORRY...
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHAT'S COME
OVER ME!

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
DARLING! PERHAPS
YOU'D BETTER LIE
DOWN AND GET
SOME REST...

IT'S BETTER BE
SICKS STILL.
I THINK IT'D BE
WISE IF YOU
CONSULTED A
DOCTOR ABOUT
THIS CONDITION.
JOHN

IT DIDN'T BOTHER ME THAT
I WAS ALONE. I WAS USED
TO THAT.

BUT IT ANNOYED ME FOR
SUSAN'S SAKE.

FOR HER LOVE
IS THE ONLY
THING THAT
KEEPS ME
FROM GOING
COMPLETELY
MAD.



MY THOUGHTS
Grew darker,
more troubled
With each
passing day.
THE NIGHTMARES
INCREASED IN
FREQUENCY AND
INTENSITY...

MY OWN INTENSITY
BECAME A SORT OF
PREMONITION INTUITION!

I DWELT PHYSICALLY IN THE
REALM OF THE LIVING, BUT
MY THOUGHTS PROBED ONLY
THE BOUNDARIES OF THE
GRAVE...

THERE WERE TIMES WHEN
THE FANTASIES BECAME
SO VIVID, I COULD NOT
DISTINGUISH THEM FROM
WHAT WAS ACTUALLY
AROUND ME...

THERE WERE TIMES
TOO MUCH I HEARD IN
DEATH SPEAK!

COME, MORTAL!
COME INTO THE
WORLD THAT
AWAITS YOU...

NO, DEATH! I
WILL NOT FOLLOW
YOU... FOR I KNOW
WHAT YOU ARE
PROMISING...

TO TAKE ME AWAY
BETWEEN YOUR WORLD
AND MINE, AND
ABANDON ME!

HAVEN'T YOU
PREMATURELY
MORTALS ABANDONED
YET...?

...NOT ONE OF YOU HAS THE
POWER TO ANEW DEATH! WHEN
I CONFRONT YOU THERE IS
ONLY ONE THING YOU MAY DO...

TRUST
ME.



MY SENSES WERE AFLAME
WITH SIGHTS, SOUNDS, SMELLS
THAT WERE FOAM AND FUTRID...

MY HEAD THROBBED WITH A
PAIN ALMOST BEYOND
HUMAN ENDURANCE UNTIL
I SAW MY BRAIN
WOULD BURST FORTH
FROM THE SKULL...

MY STOMACH WAS KNOTTED
TOO TIGHTLY TO EVEN VOMIT...

... AND ONCE AGAIN...
DEATH SPOKE...

SEE IT THEN...
SEE WHAT YOU
WASTED YOUR
PRECIOUS HOURS
CONTEMPLATING!

IS THIS THE WORLD
YOU WOULD CHOOSE,
MORTAL? YOU WHO
HAVE BEEN GRANTED
THE GREATEST
BLESSING OF ALL...
LIFE?

I HAD TO FIND A WAY TO
END THIS MADNESS
LEST I SHOULD BE
TRAPPED FOREVER
ON THE WRONG SIDE
OF REALITY!

SO I ENDED
IT THE ONLY
WAY I KNEW
HOW...

I SCREAMED!

HOW LONG AFTERWOOD
I LAY THERE
UNCONSCIOUS, I COULD
NOT BE CERTAIN...

IT WAS THE
NIGHTMARE
AGAIN, WASN'T
IT, JOHN?

YOU LOOKED SO
COLD AND PALE...!
FOR A MOMENT, I
WAS AFRAID YOU
WERE --

OH, JOHN...
I LOVE YOU.

JOHN?

NO, NOT
THE SAME!
DIFFERENT!
WORSE!
FOR HORSE!

MASTER
JOHN, I HAVE
SOMETHING
I WISH TO
SHOW YOU!

SOMETHING WHICH
I HOPE WILL SET
YOUR MIND AT EASE
A BIT, MR. IT'S A
COFFIN!

A VERY
SPECIAL
ONE SIR!

WHICH WILL
RING THIS
ALARM
OUTSIDE THE
CRYPT!

WHAT
IS IT
ROGERS?

THE BUTLER'S DEVICE
DID INDEED COMFORT
ME FOR SEVERAL
WEEKS THEREAFTER.
MY NERVES CALMED
CONSIDERABLY AND
MY THOUGHTS TURNED
TO MORE PLEASANT
THINGS.

AND WHEN I
AWAKENED,
THERE WAS
BLACKNESS
ALL AROUND
ME.

YOU SEE, IN THE
EVENT THAT YOU
SHOULD BE BURIED
PREMATURELY,
YOU HAVE ONLY TO
PULL THIS ROPE
WITHIN THE
COFFIN ITSELF...

WHEN IT RINGS,
MISTRESS SUSAN
OR MYSELF WILL
COME RUNNING
IMMEDIATELY!

YOU NEEDN'T
FEAR BEING
TRAPPED ALIVE
IN THE GRAVE
AGAIN!

THEN ONE NIGHT,
IT HAPPENED. I
HAD BEEN
OVERCOME BY
ANOTHER
SEIZURE...!

AND SILENCE!

I REACHED
OUT TO TOUCH
THE BLACKNESS...!
IT WAS
SOLID.

IN FACT, IT FELT
A LOT LIKE WATER.

I TRIED TO REMAIN CALM... TO REMEMBER THESE
FINAL MOMENTS BEFORE BLACKNESS OVERTOOK ME...!

BUT ONLY ONE THOUGHT COULD I RETAIN.

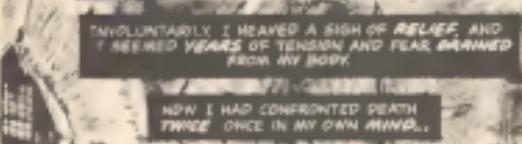




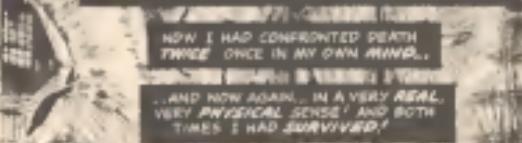
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM NOW, MATE? WHAT ARE THERE?



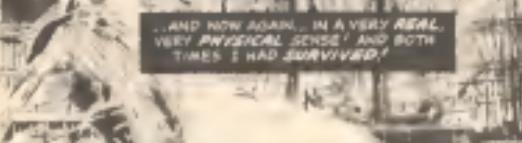
CAPTAIN KILLED'S ME NAME! WE DOKED LAST NIGHT, AND STARTED TO UNLOAD WHEN WE SPOTTED YE LAVIN' NEAR THE WHARFS!



UNWILLINGLY I HEAVER A SIGH OF RELIEF, AND I SEEED WEARS OF TENSION AND FEAR DIAMINDED FROM MY BODY.



HOW I HAD CONFRONTED DEATH TWICE ONCE IN MY OWN ARMS...



...AND NOW AGAIN... IN A VERY REAL, VERY PHYSICAL SENSE! AND BOTH TIMES I HAD SURVIVED!



AYE! THERE WAS A STORM BREWING SO WE PUT YOU DOWN HERE IN THE HOLD!



I- THEM THIS IS A JAWB... NOT A COFFIN!



IT'S OVER, SUSAN. I KNOW LONGER. FEEL AFRAID TO LIVE...



THEN KEEP QUIET AND DO IT! VENICE IS THE CITY OF ROMANCE, AND I DON'T WANT TO RUIN IT BY TALKING!



ONCE MORE I KNOW I WOULD NEVER FEAR THE SAME OR DEATH AGAIN!

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EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

DURING THE WHOLE OF A DARK, DARK DAY IN THE
AUTUMN OF THE YEAR... WHEN THE CLOUDS HUNG
OPPRESSIVELY LOW IN THE HEAVENS... I HAD BEEN
PASSING ALONE ON HORSEBACK THRU A
SINGULARLY DREARY TRACT OF COUNTRY...

AND AT LENGTH FOUND MYSELF AS THE
SHADOWS OF EVENING DREW ON, WITHIN
VIEW OF THE MELANCHOLY HOUSE OF USHER.

I LOOKED UPON THE SCENE BEFORE ME... UPON THE
OLD AND GREY RAMBLING MANOR... UPON THE
BLEAK WALLS AND WAGANT EYE-LIKE WINDOWS
UPON A FEW RANK HEDGES... AND UPON SPARSE
WHITE TRUNKS OF DECAYED TREES.



A SENSE OF UTTER DEPRESSION
ASSAILED MY SOUL... WHICH I
COULD NOT EXPLAIN RATIONALLY.

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE HOUSE OF
USHER THAT BOTH SICKENED MY HEART AND
UNNERVED ME.



IN TRUTH HIS SISTER WAS SLOWLY DYING. AND BECAUSE OF THIS, MY FRIEND WAS SUFFERING A SLIGHT MENTAL DISORDER. OR SO HIS LETTER SAID.



AND INDEED WHILE WE TALKED, MY OLD FRIEND ADMITTED A HEAVY SADNESS OF DESPAIR HAD RECENTLY DOMINATED HIS SOUL...

STRANGE IT WAS, BUT NO SOONER HAD HE MENTIONED HER NAME THAN DID I CATCH SIGHT OF HER...

...BUT IT WAS ONLY FOR A MOMENT!

“DUE ENTIRELY TO THE FACT THAT DEATH IS WAITING TO CLAIM MY SICKLY SISTER, MADELINE!”

“SHE WANTS SO TO LIVE... BUT SHE WILL NOT!”



“IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, I DID MY VERY BEST TO RESCUE USHER FROM HIS MAD DEPRESSION!”

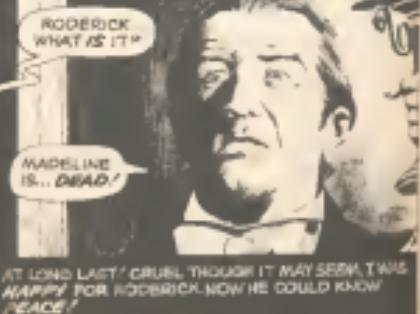


“BUT IT WAS FOR NAUGHT!”



“ALL MY ATTEMPTS TO CHEER HIM ARE FUTILE! IT'S AS THOUGH A CONSTANT STREAM OF SORROW IS POURING FROM EVERY CORNER OF HIS SOUL.”

“THEN, ONE NIGHT, THE MOMENT USHER FEARED MOST... FINALLY HAPPENED!”



“AT LONG LAST! CRUEL THOUGH IT MAY SEEM, I WAS HAPPY FOR RODERICK. HOW HE COULD KNOW PEACE!”

I WAS MORE THAN ANGRY TO HELP PREPARE HER BODY FOR THE FAMILY VAULT.



I HEARD USHER CRY... AND PLACED A COMFORTING ARM ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS.



TOGETHER, WE PUSHED THE
MASSIVE IRON DOOR SHUT...
CAUSING IT TO GRITTE ON RED-
RUSTED HINGES!



BUT IF I EXPECTED RODERICK TO RECOVER, I WAS SADLY MISTAKEN!



IT WAS ON THE SEVENTH NIGHT AFTER
MADELINE HAD BEEN LAID TO REST
THAT I DISCOVERED MY OWN UNRESTNESS!

STRANGE / USHER'S
WEIRD MOOD IS STARTING
TO AFFECT EVEN ME. I
CAN'T SLEEP!



... AND NEITHER IS MY OWN ROOM! THIS BLACK
OAK FLOOR AND THE TATTERED DRAPERIES ARE
ENOUGH TO DEPRESS EVEN THE DEAD!



ONLY TO BE INTERRUPTED, AFTER A WHILE, BY A
SUDDEN KNOCK ON MY DOOR!

IT WAS RODERICK!



BUT, I CAN'T PUT ALL THE BLAME ON USHER
THAT STORM OUTSIDE ISN'T HELPING ANY...



AFTER ABANDONING ALL HOPE OF FALLING ASLEEP,
I GOT DRESSED, AND RESTLESSLY PACED THE
CONFINES OF MY ROOM...



HIS FACE WAS DARKLY DRAWN AND ANGARY,



HEAPDE TO ME... ONLY
SIX SHORT WORDS!"

"YOU HAVE NOT
THEN SEEN IT?"

"BEFORE I COULD EVEN
REPLY, USHER THREW A
WINDOW FAIRLY OPEN
TO THE WILD TERRIBLE
WITHOUT!"



BUT, MORE IMPORTANT, SOMETHING
HAPPENED TO MY FRIEND!

"USHER'S
GONE INTO A
SEMI-TRANCE...
JUST STARVING AT
THE LIGHTNING...
LISTENING TO
THE THUNDER..."



"I'D BETTER
SNAP HIM OUT
OF IT!"



I TRIED TO *DISTRACT* RODERICK
FROM THE RAGING WEATHER BY
READING ONE OF HIS *FAVORITE
BOOKS* TO HIM...



BUT MY FRIEND'S THOUGHTS WERE
NOT ON *BOOKS*!

RODERICK / RODERICK... CAN YOU HEAR ME?

STRANGE... HE SEEKS TO BE LISTENING TO THE SOUNDS OF A DISTANT PLACE!

INDEED USHER ROCKED SLOWLY BACK AND FORTH IN HIS CHAIR DELICIOUSLY TO MY WORDS AND AS HE DID SO HE Muttered...

NOW... HEAR IT? YES! I HEAR IT... AND HAVE HEARD IT... LONG HAVE I HEARD IT... MANY MINUTES... MANY HOURS... EVEN DAYS!



OH, MY! ME, MISERABLE WHORETHAT I AM! I DARED NOT SPEAK OF IT!

USHER, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

“QUITE SIMPLY, MY FRIEND! THAT...WE HAVE PUT MY SISTER IN THE TOMB ALIVE!”

PERHAPS RODERICK WAS RIGHT! MADELINE COULD HAVE BEEN IN SOME KORT OF CATALEPTIC SLEEP... AND INTERRSED WHILE YET STILL LIVING!



“I THOUGHT IT WOULD NOT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES.”

“COME LETS GO DOWN TO THE VAULT AND CHECK ON YOUR SISTER'S CONDITION - JUST TO MAKE SURE!”



SUDDENLY, HE LEAPED UP LIKE A MADMAN AND POINTED TO THE DOOR!

“IT IS TOO LATE FOR THAT, I TELL YOU! FOR SHE NOW STANDS IN THE HALL, RIGHT OUTSIDE THIS VERY ROOM!”



I WAS TERRIFIED
BESIDE WORDS!



FOR, AS IF ON CUE, THE
DOOR FLEW BACK TO REVEAL
THE LOFTY AND SHROUDED
FIGURE OF THE LADY
MADELINE!

SHE STRUGGLED
INTO THE ROOM
MOVING... AND
COLLAPSED IN THE
ARMS OF RODERICK
USHER!



TOGETHER,
THEY FELL UPON
THE CARPET...
DEAD! SHE
FROM
EXPOSURE AND
STARVATION...



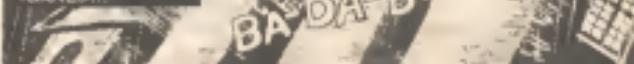
...HE FROM A
HEART ATTACK
OVER HIS MOST-
FEARED HORROR
REALIZED!

MYSELF? WITHOUT THINKING,
I FLED ASHAST FROM THAT
HOUSE OF TERROR! AND AS
I RAN, THE STORM AF FOAMED
ITS ZENITH OF TURMOIL!



THIS NIGHT WAS
NATURE IN
UNBALANCE!

LIGHTNING STRUCK
ONE OF THE
TURRETS BEHIND ME... AND AS I
TURNED...



...I WITNESSED BRICK AND MORTAR COME
TUMBLING DOWN IN TOTAL RUIN! AS IF
THE FINAL CRESCIENDO IN A SYMPHONY OF
TERROR!



...THE FALL OF THE
HOUSE OF USHER!

PROLOGUE





THE CANVAS INTO WHICH MY VALET HAD
CONTINUED TO MAKE IRREGULAR ENTRANCES,
FATHER THAN PERMIT ME, IN MY
RESPECTIVELY INJURED CONDITION,
TO PASS A NIGHT IN THE CARTEL OPEN
AIR...

...WAS ONE OF THOSE VAGABOND
STRUCTURES WHICH WITH GRAN-
DEUR AND STATELY GRANDEUR! TO
ALL APPEARANCES IT WAS
VERY RECENTLY ABANDONED!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE OVAL PORTRAIT



WE THEN ESTABLISHED
OURSELVES, UPON ENTERING,
IN ONE OF THE SMALLEST
AND LEAST SUMPTUOUSLY
FURNISHED APARTMENTS!

IT LAY IN A REMOTE
TOWERET OF THE
BUILDING!

ITS DECORATIONS WERE RICH, YET
TATTERED AND ANTIQUE!

ITS WALLS WERE HUNG WITH
TAPESTRIES AND BEDECKED
WITH MANIFOLD AND MULIFORM
HORNED AND HOLLOWED TROPHIES...

...TOGETHER WITH AN UNDREAMED
GREAT NUMBER OF SPOTTED AND MODERN
PAINTINGS FRAMED IN GOLD!

I BECAME ABSORBED IN THE
GILS WHILE MY SHOULDER
WAS ATTENDED TO!

THIS WAS, PERHAPS, DUE
TO MY INCIDENT PAINFULLY
INDUCED BY MY STILL-
BLEEDING WOUND!

ON MY COMMANDS... THE
VALET, PEDRO, LIT THE
ROOM'S CANDLES...

...AND PREPARED THE BED BY PULLING
BACK THE BOSSAMER BLACK CURTAINS
THAT ENVELOPED IT!



AFTER DOING THAT PEDRO
QUIT THE CHAMBER AND
RETIR'D FOR THE EVENING!

GETTING UP, UNLEASPY AND
RESTLESS, I MOVED
THE CHANDELIER TO
AGAIN VIEW THE PAINTING!

REVEALING A GODDESS CONTAINED IN AN
OVAL PORTRAIT!

THE FLICKERING
RAYS ILLUMINATED
A SWARVED NUDE
I HAD NOT BEFORE
SEEN...

MYSELF, I
COULD NOT
SLEEP!

I CLOSED MY EYES.
IT WAS AN IMPULSIVE
MOVEMENT TO GAIN TIME
FOR THOUGHT... TO MAKE
SURE MY VISION HAD NOT
DECEIVED ME...

...TO CALM AND SUBDU
MY FANCY FOR A MORE
SOBER AND CERTAIN GAZE!

IN A VERY FEW MINUTES, I AGAIN LOOKED FRIENDLY
AT THE PAINTING! THE PORTRAIT WAS THAT OF
A RADIANT YOUNG GIRL!



AS A THING OF ART ANYTHING COULD BE MORE
ADMIRABLE THAN THE VIRTUOSO PROSELYT!

BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN NEITHER THE EXECUTION
OF THE WORK, NOR THE IMMORTAL BEAUTY OF THE
COUNTERFACE... WHICH HAD SO MEMORABLY AND
EMOTIONALLY MOVESED ME!



CONTEMPLATING THE SENSE-STAGGERING BEAUTY
I REMAINED FOR PERHAPS AN HOUR, HALF-SITTING
AT TIMES, OR ELSE HALF-RECLINING.

AND SUDDENLY I KNEW WHAT EXCITED ME SO!
THE WORK OF ART APPEARED TO BE A REAL, ACTUAL
FACE OF A FAIR-HAIRED MANKIND!



EVENTUALLY I DISCOVERED
A SMALL BOOK UNDER MY
PYLLOW WHICH CONTAINED
THE PAST HISTORIES AND
CRITIQUES OF ALL THE
REMINISCENCES IN THIS
TURBET-CHAMBER!

TURNING TO THE PAGE THAT HELD INFORMATION
CONCERNING THE SWAN PORTRAIT, I THERE
READ A STORY ENTWINED WITH ELEMENTS
OF BOTH LOVE AND HORROR!



SHE HAS A WENCH OF RARER BEAUTY
AND NOT MORE LOVELY THAN FULL OF
GEMS!

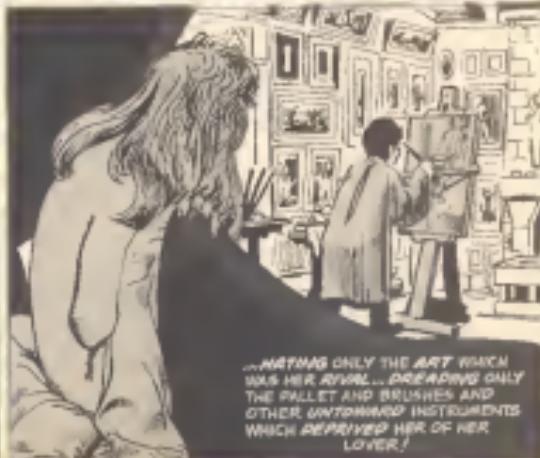


AND HERE WAS THE HOUR SHE SAW AND
LOVED, AND WEDDED THE PAINTER!



...SHE A MAIDEN, ALL LIGHT AND SMILES,
AND FROLICKSOME AS THE YOUNG FAWN...

...LOWING AND CHERISHING ALL TWASSE...
ESPECIALLY HER DELOVED HUSBAND...



IT WAS A TERRIBLE THING
FOR THE LADY TO HEAR THE
PAINTER SPEAK OF HIS
DESIRE TO PORTRAY EVEN
HIS YOUNG BRIDES!



BUT SHE WAS AVAILABLE
AND OBEDIENT, AND SAT
MEETLY FOR MANY
WEEKS IN THE DARK,
HYPO-TURNED
CHAMBER...



...WHERE THE LIGHT DIPPED UPON THE
PALE CANVAS ONLY FROM HIGH SPOT-
HEAD, WHICH WENT ON FROM HOUR
TO HOUR AND FROM DAY TO DAY?



HE WAS A WILD AND MOODY MAN, WHO
BECAME LOST IN JEVEVES...

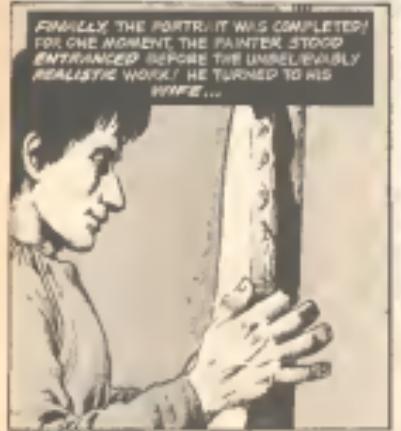


...SO THAT HE WOULD NOT SEE THAT THE
GHOSTLY LIGHT WHICH FELL SO HARSH
IN THAT DAMP AND CHILLY ROOM
WITHHELD THE HEALTH AND SPIRITS
OF HIS WILLING MATE!



YET THE LAD SMILED UNCOMPLAININGLY
SINCE SHE KNEW HER HUSBAND EXTRACTED
MUCH PLEASURE IN HIS CREATIVE TASK!





SAVE YOUR CREEPY



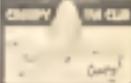
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You asked for it and here they are! These ring's extremely detailed Gold Finish Rings cover both your fingers! They are specially made for the CREEPY & EERIE FAN CLUB. They are 14 karat gold and are 100% guaranteed to become Collector's Items! The rings at CREEPY & EERIE are over 2 1/2" long, magnificently detailed, and are said to be proud to wear these costly looking fine rings for any occasion. Retail price is \$14.95. Order today! CREEPY RING #1-25 and #26-31. COUNSEL CREEPY RING #1-25.

PATCHES

3-INCH CREEPY AND EERIE EMBLEMS IN COLOR!



These new 3-inch Uncle Creepy and charming Cousin Eerie! Now you can wear your favorite CREEPY & EERIE characters with these great patches! They are 100% cotton and are 3 inches wide. Each patch is \$1.95. Order with Uncle Creepy and Cousin Eerie today! CREEPY & EERIE PATCH #1-25.

SUPER-DELUXE SPOOKTACULAR CREEPY & EERIE MASKS!



UNCLE CREEPY DELUXE MASK
Specially made by Dick Peat! Perfectly executed with Creepach Craftsmaning to look just like our old Ugly Uncle High Quality latex rubber and a ghoulish, ghostly and realistic match of pale hair to top him off! A Marvel Masterwork! Order #E544 UNCLE CREEPY DELUXE MASK \$14.95

Cousin Eerie Deluxe Mask
Heavy, durable, white-headed mask of our half-wit friend! COUSIN EERIE is Scarily Sculpted in high quality latex rubber, with some hellishly red and realistic hair atop his head-balanced face! A Creepy Classic! Order #E545 COUSIN EERIE DELUXE MASK \$14.95

PLUS TWO TYPES CREEPY & EERIE BUDGET MASKS VINYL & RUBBER



BOTH BUDGET MASKS CAST FROM SAME MOLD! ONLY ONE IS VINYL, ONE IS RUBBER!

Both the vinyl & the rubber Budget masks, represented above, look alike, but the vinyl is sturdier, more heavy-duty. Both these masks of mask cover the entire head, too. Each is a bargain! You'll probably want all six: Deluxe, Vinyl & Rubber to hold super CREEPY & EERIE parties!

**E505 CREEPY VINYL MASK \$9.95
E506 EERIE VINYL MASK \$9.95**

**E505 CREEPY RUBBER MASK \$14.95
E510 EERIE RUBBER MASK \$14.95**

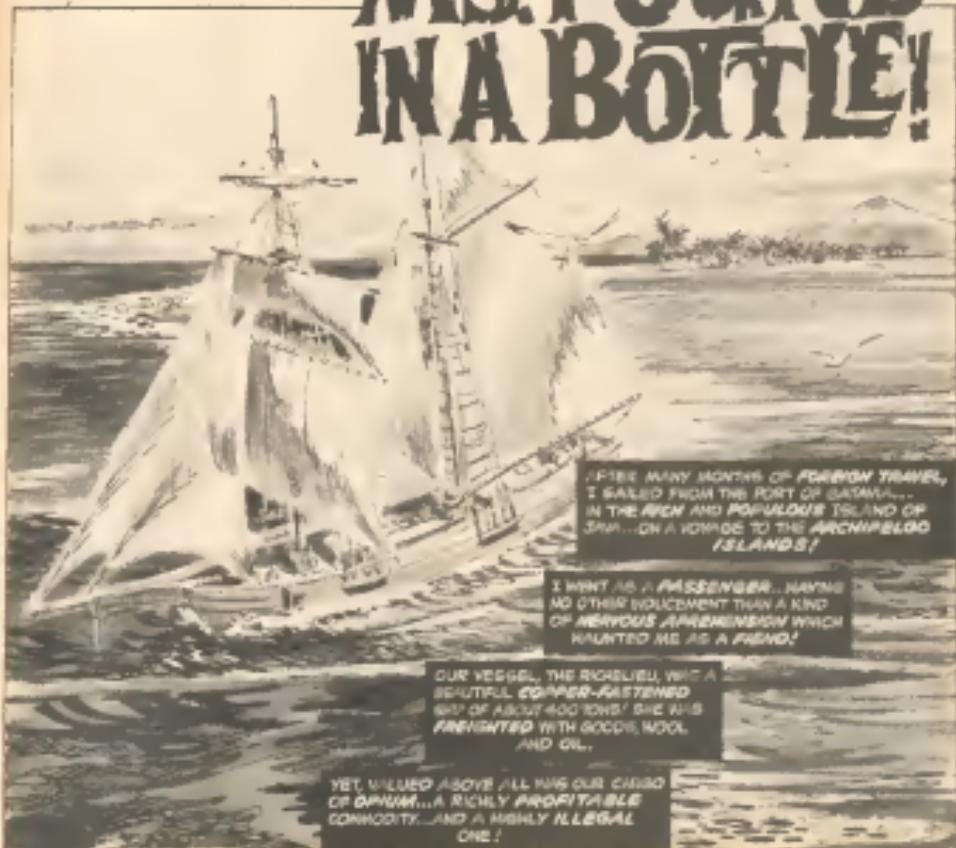
HERE ARE 3 FABULOUS SETS OF CREEPY-EERIE MASKS!

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine
for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE!



AFTER MANY MONTHS OF FORLORN TRAVEL,
I Sailed from the port of Batavia...
IN THE RICH AND POPULOUS TRADING OF
JAVA...ON A VOYAGE TO THE ARCHIPELAGO
ISLANDS!

I WENT AS A PASSENGER...HAVING
NO OTHER INDUCEMENT THAN A KIND
OF NERVOUS APPREHENSION WHICH
HAUNTED ME AS A FRIEND!

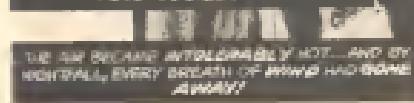
OUR VESSEL, THE RICHELIEU, WAS A
BEAUTIFUL COPPER-PLATED
SHIP OF ABOUT 400 TONS. SHE WAS
FREIGHTED WITH COCOA, COCONUTS,
AND OIL.

YET, MAILED ABOVE ALL WAS OUR CARGO
OF OPIUM...A RICHLY PROFITABLE
COMMODITY...AND A HIGHLY ILLEGAL
ONE!

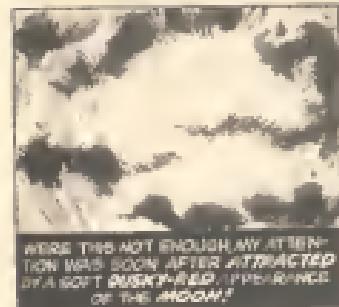


WED DREAMS BUT A FEW SECONDS WHEN
STRANGELY AND OF A SUDDEN, THE WORLD
ABOUT US DIED!

AND SOON, AN OMINOUS BLACK CLOUD APPEARED
ABOVE AND QUICKLY SPREAD WESTWARD, COVERING
THE VAST STRETCH OF HORIZON...



THE AIR BECAME INTOLERABLY HOT... AND BY
MIDMORN, EVERY BREATH OF WIND HAD BLOWN
AWAY!



WERE THIS NOT ENOUGH, MY ATTEN-
TION WAS SOON AFTER ATTRACTED
BY A SOFT DAZZLING LIGHT, THE SOURCE
OF THE ANOMALY?



FOR SOME INTRIGUING REASON, I
WAS MOST CONCERNED ABOUT THIS
UNUSUAL INVESTIGATION. SOME MANNER
SENSE WARNED ME THAT ALL WAS
NOT WHAT IT SEEMED! AND THE CAPTAIN
LISTENED PATIENTLY TO MY FEARS...

BUT CLUMBED THEM
POWERLESS, AND
TURNED HIS BACK ON ME
WITHOUT REPLY!



TRUE, I RETURNED TO MY QUARTERS
UNDETERRED, HOWEVER, PREVENTED
ME FROM SLEEPING...



...AND AT
ABOUT
MIDNIGHT,
I RETURNED
TO THE
DECK!

SUDDENLY THERE WAS A LOUD
ROARING NOISE...AND I FELT
THE SHIP SWAY TO ITS VERY
CORE!



THEN, IN THE NEXT INSTANT, A
WILDERNESS OF CHOKING FOAM
WAS UPON US...ROARING FOAM
AND AT CHAMBERING THE DECK
FROM STEM TO STEWING!

LOWING ABOUT AND DIZZILY I
WAS OVERWHELMED AT OUR BEING
AMONG MOUNTAINOUS BREAKERS...

AFTER A WHILE, I BECAME
ACCUSTOMED TO THE SWELL...
IF ONE CAN GET USED TO IT...
AND I HEARD THE
HOSE OF AN OLD-JEWEGE,
ONE OF THE AMATES! HIS
TWO WERE APPARENTLY THE
SOLE SURVIVORS OF THE
HOLOC. LIST!



...IN SIZE, BEYOND EVEN THE WILDEST IMAGINING
OF A MACHINERIA! IT WAS A VERTIBLE WHIRL-
POOL OF MOUNTAINOUS AND FROTHING OCEAN
IN WHICH WE WERE ENCAPSULED!

BY WHAT MIRACLE I ESCAPED
DESTRUCTION, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE
TO SAY WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY
I STOOD MY GROUND...



EVERYONE ELSE HAD BEEN SWEEPED
OVERBOARD...OR WAS UTTERLY
CRUSHED FROM THE BOW SHATTERING
FURY OF THE SEA!





IT HAD BEEN SEVEN MINUTES SINCE THE CATASTROPHE, BUT THE FULL FORCE OF THE BLAST HAD ALREADY BLOWN OVER. THE STORM ITSELF, HOWEVER, DID NOT ABATE! IT REMAINED UPON US AS A HOLD ON A STALED LOAF!

FOR TWO UNHOLY DAYS AND NIGHTS, THE RICHELIEU'S SMITTENED HULL WAS SLAMMED BY TOSING WAVES, WITH A BARBARY BEYOND KEN!

AND BY THE SIXTH DAY WE WERE WRAPPED IN BOTH CHURNING WATERS AND ABSOLUTE PITCH BLACKNESS!

ABOUT US WAS THE HORROR OF IMPENETRABLE GLOOM... A SHADOW-SWEFTENING DESERT OF EBONY!



BUT WITH THE HORROR BEHIND US, THERE WAS TIME TO FAWN... TIME TO QUESTION WHY...

FINALLY, WE SLEPT ON THE NIGHT OF THE THIRD DAY, WITH THUNDEROUS WAVES TOWERING A DIZZY HEIGHT ABOUT US...



I COULD DETECT A SUPERSTITIOUS TERROR CREEPING SLOWLY INTO THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD SAILOR, AND MY OWN SOUL WAS WRAPT IN SILENT WONDER!



THEN, WELL INTO THE NIGHT A QUICK SCREAM FROM MY COMPANION BROKE FEARFULLY UPON MY REPOSE!

SEE... SEE...
HE CRIED.
SHIVERING
IN MY EARS,
"ALMIGHTY
GOD! SEE!'
SEE!"





ONLY PARTIALLY
AWAKE, I CAST
MY EYES UPWARDS
AND BEHELD A
SPECTACLE TO
FIRE THE VERY
CLEMENT OF MY
BLOOD!



AT A GREAT DISTANCE, DIRECTLY
ABOVE US... SPREADED UPON
THE SUMMIT OF A MONSTEROUS WAVE,
HOVERED A GRAND, BLACK
SPANNED JAWBONE!



SUDDENLY ALMOST TOO
CONSCIENTIALLY, OUR
OWN CRAFT BAAA WITH-
OUT WARNING...



...AND AS IT LASTED
ENERVLY TO ONE SIDE,
I WAS FLUNG... HAA,
CATAPULTED...



RIGHT ONTO THE
ABBING OF THE
OMINOUS, IRON
GUN-BOAT!



IN THE BREATH, I MAINTAINED A
BACKWARD BALANCE, AND THROUGH
A STRANGE INEVITABILITY OF FATE,
THE OLD FRIEDE DID NOT SHARE
IN MY FORTUNE!

BELOW ON DECK, A STRANGELY ANARCHISTIC CREW WENT ABOUT ITS DUTIES... SHAMlessly DISAPPROVING OF MY VERY PRESENCE! /



ONCE THERE, I SECRETED MYSELF IN A RATHER FORBIDDING HOLD! DOING SO AS A PRECAUTION, UNWILLING TO TRUST MY FATE TO A RACE OF UNKNOWN PEOPLE! /



I LOOKED MYSELF FROM THE CONSTRICTING ROPES, AND MADE MY WAY UNPERCEIVED TO THE MAIN HATCHWAY.

I WOULD ANNOUNCE MY FREEDOM WHEN THE THREAT OF THIS STORM WAS LESS PRESSING! /

AND SOON, A HAG, TATTERED MAN PUSHED MY PLACE OF CONCEALMENT IN TH FREEZE AND UNSTEADY SWELL AND RUSH TO MY SURPRISE, HE SAW ME NOT!

YET, SURPRISINGLY, THE SAILOR Muttered AND DROPPED AMONG A PILE OF ARCHaic-LOOKING INSTRUMENTS AND DECAYED CHARTS... /



I HAD SCARCELY BEGIN MY SHELTER... /



...WHEN FOOTSTEPS...



...MADE THEMSELVES KNOWN! /



TRULY ABOUT HIM WAS EVIDENCE OF GREAT AGE AND INHUMANITY! BUT HE MUST SCARCELY HAVE SEEN MY CLUMSY EFFORT AT DISGUISE! /



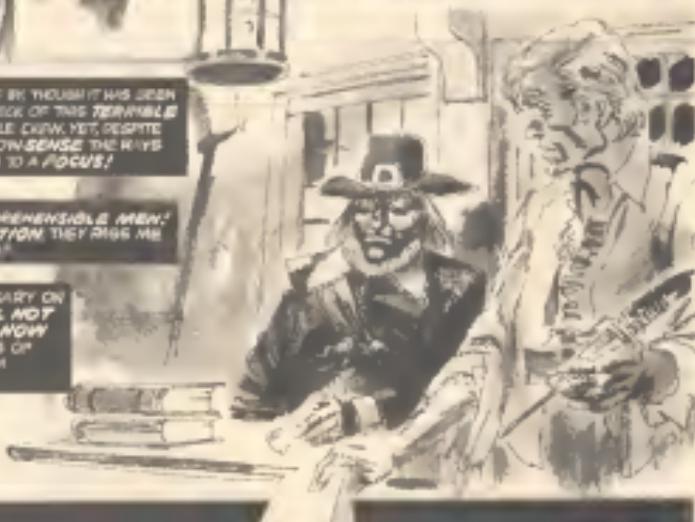
AND AT LENGTH, RETURNED TO THE DECK... AND I SAW HIM AND MORE! /



LITTLE FRAMESCAPE! TWO SLIPS BY THOUGH IT HAS BEEN
LONG SINCE I FIRST TREAD THE DECK OF THIS TERRIBLE
SHIP, WITH ITS WHOLLY INCOMPETENT CREW. YET, DESPITE
ITS UNNATURAL FLAVOR, I CAN NOW SENSE THE HAYS
OF MY DESTINY GATHERING TO A FOCUS!

THEN THERE ARE THOSE INCOMPREHENSIBLE ARENS,
WRAPPED IN ETHEREAL MEDIATION, THEY PASS ME
BY UNNOTICED.

CONCEALMENT IS UNNECESSARY ON
MY PART, FOR THE PEOPLE WILL NOT
SEE...OR CANNOT SEE IT IS NOW
THAT I RISE BEFORE THE EYES OF
THE FIRST MATE...AND I AM
IGNORED!



AND IT WAS NO LONG WHILE AGO
THAT I WENT ABOARD INTO THE
CAPTAIN'S OWN PRIVATE CABIN
AND TOOK THENCE MATERIALS
WITH WHICH TO WRITE...AND
HAVE WRITTEN!

I SHALL, FROM TIME TO TIME,
CONTINUE THIS JOURNAL. IT IS
TRUE THAT I MAY NOT FIND AN
OPPORTUNITY OF TRANSMITTING
THESE NOTES TO THE WORLD...

...BUT I WILL NOT FAIL TO MAKE THE
EMBARKATION! AT THE LAST MOMENT
I WILL ENCLOSE THE MANUSCRIPT IN
A BOTTLE...AND CAST IT INTO THIS
CONSTANTLY RISING WALL OF SEA!



ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, I MADE BOLD
TO THRUST MYSELF AMONG A GROUP
OF THE CREW!

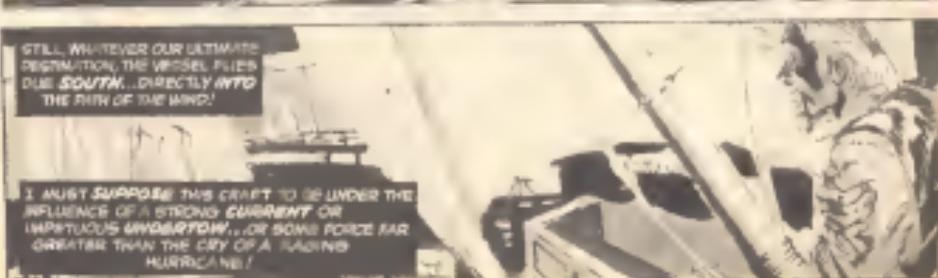
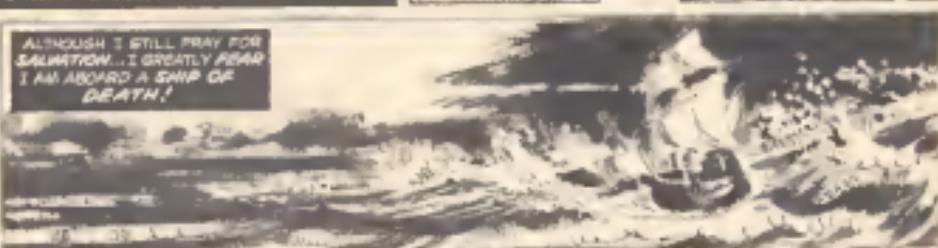
ALTHOUGH I HIDED IN THE **MIDST**
OF THEM ALL... THEY REMAINED UTERLY
UNCONSCIOUS OF MY PRESENCE!

STRANGE IT IS, BUT ALL THE MEN BEAR THE
MARK OF MANY OLD AGE! THEIR KNEES
Tremble, THEIR SHOULDERS SLOWLY BOW WITH
DECAY/FATIGUE. THEIR SHRIVELLED KINS BATTLE
IN THE WIND... THEIR VOICES ARE LOW, TREMULOUS
AND DIZZY. THEIR EYES GLISTEN WITH THE
AWEAN OF FEARS, AND THEIR GRAY HAIRS
STREAM TERRIBLY IN THIS UNHOLY STORM!

ALTHOUGH I STILL PRAY FOR
SALVATION... I GREATLY FEAR
I AM ABOARD A SHIP OF
DEATH!

STILL, WHATEVER OUR ULTIMATE
DESTINATION, THE VESSEL PLIES
DUE SOUTH... DIRECTLY INTO
THE PATH OF THE WIND!

I MUST SUPPOSE THIS CRAFT TO BE UNDER THE
INFLUENCE OF A STRONG CURRENT OR
IMPETUOUS WIND/STORM... OR SOME FORCE FAR
GREATER THAN THE CRY OF A RAGING
HURRICANE!



ALL IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF THE SHIP
REMAINS IN BLACKNESS... ETERNAL NIGHTS AND
HOW ABOUT A LEAGUE ON EITHER SIDE OF US MAY
WE SEE ENORMOUS RAINFORESTS OF ICE...
ICE THAT TOWERS INTO THE DESOLATE SKY...
LOOKING LIKE THE WALLS OF THE UNIVERSE?



BUT WAIT! HERE IS HORROR UPON
ON HORROR! THE ICE CREWS
SWARMING... AND WE ARE
WHEELING DIZZY IN VAST
CONCENTRIC CIRCLES...



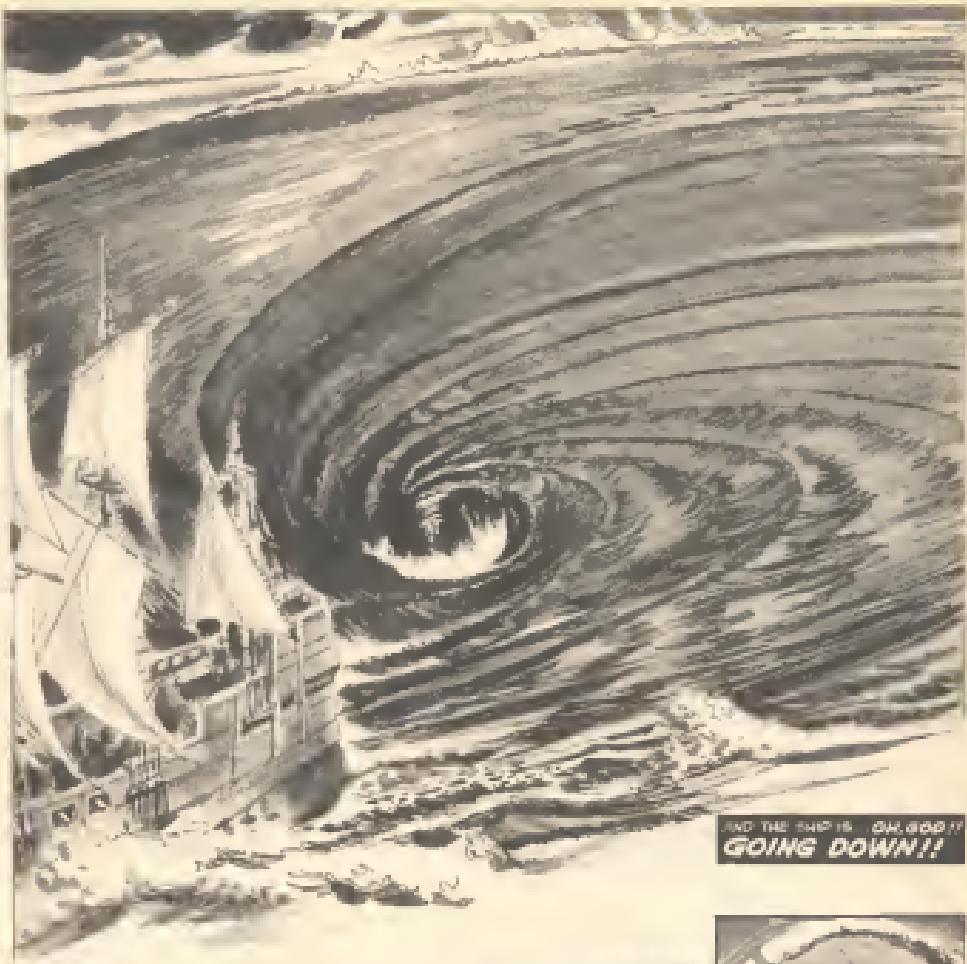
...ROUND AND ROUND
WE SWIRL IN AN IMMENSE
WATERLY WHIRLWIND!



BUT I CAN SEE THAT LITTLE
TIME IS LEFT ME TO POWDER
MY DESTINY!



FOR THE CIRCLES GROW RAPIDLY SMALL, AS WE
PLUNGE MIGHTY WITHIN THE GRASP OF A
SEOLLOWING WHIRLPOOL...



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR

M. VALDEMAR WAS OWNED...

HIS LEFT EYE HAD DEVELOPED SEVERAL ANOMALIES...
AND IT HAD BEEN IN A CATARACTOUS STATE FOR SOME
EIGHTEEN MONTHS...

IT WAS THE OPINION OF VALDEMAR'S PERSONAL
PHYSICIAN THAT HE WOULD DIE SOMETIME
WITHIN THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...

DISSOLUTION, TO USE
A CLEAN SCIENTIFIC
TERM, WAS RAPIDLY
OCCURRING...



... WHICH IS WHY I WAS SUMMONED AT ONCE!



I AM BY PROFESSION A MEDICAL DOCTOR AND A HYPNOTIST! MY OLD FRIEND WOLDEMAN HAD AGREED TO COOPERATE WITH ME ON A VITAL EXPERIMENT...

...AN EXPERIMENT I PERFORMED AS MUCH FOR ME AS FOR ME FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENCE.



MY JOB WAS TO MESMERIZE THE DYING FELLOW... TO DISCERN WHAT EFFECT THIS WOULD HAVE UPON ENCROACHING DEATH.

IN THE PROCESS, IT WOULD RENDER HIM FREE OF PAIN!

WOLDEMAN! DO YOU STILL WISH TO GO THROUGH WITH THE EXPERIMENT?



YES...

BUT... I FEAR YOU HAVE... WAITED TOO LONG... I AM... SO VERY WEAK...



WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, I PRODUCED MY WAND AND COMMENCED MAKING HYPNOTIC GESTURES.



AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES, A DEEP TRANCE WAS FIRMLY ESTABLISHED.



VALDEIMAR'S REALM WAS ALL BUT IMPERCEPTIBLE...



...AND VALDEIMAR'S BREATHING HAD VISIBLE DARKENED TO ALMOST NAUGHT.



THERE WAS NOTHING THE PHYSICIAN DR. Z COULD DO TO FURTHER AMBOST VALDEIMAR'S CONDITION. WE COULD ONLY... WAIT!

AND AFTER A LONG WHILE, WE BOTH DETERIORATED.



THE NEXT MORNING...



...WE LOOKED IN ON OUR PATIENT.



IMPOSSIBLE!
HE HADN'T THE STRENGTH TO SURVIVE AN HOUR, LET ALONE THE ENTIRE NIGHT!

WE EXAMINED THE PATIENT THOROUGHLY.
COULD IT BE THAT MY TRANCE HAD
SOMEHOW STARED THE HAND OF DEATH?

WALDEMAR'S EYES WERE GLASSY...
STARING... AND HIS LIMBS WERE AS
COLD AND RIGID AS MARBLE.



I THEN DETERMINED TO QUESTION THE
OLD MAN AS TO THE UNUSUAL STATE IN
WHICH HE FOUND HIMSELF.



WALDEMAR,
ARE YOU
SLEEPING?

WALDEMAR
CAN YOU HEAR
ME?

I HAD TO REPEAT THE QUESTION
SEVERAL TIMES. AFTER THE FINAL
REPETITION, HIS LIPS SWAYED OPEN
... AND HE SPOKE IN A BARELY
AUDIBLE WHISPER...



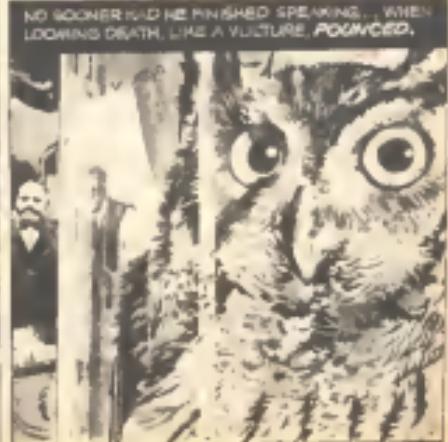
YES, ASLEEP...
NOW DO NOT WAKE
ME. LET ME...
DO SO!



DO YOU STILL
FEEL THE FIERY
PAIN IN YOUR CHEST
I MUST KNOW?

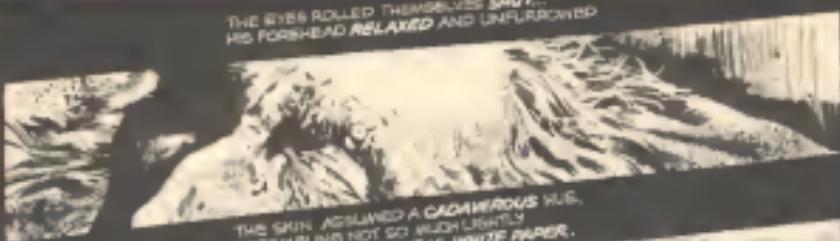


NO PAIN.
BUT I AM
DYING...

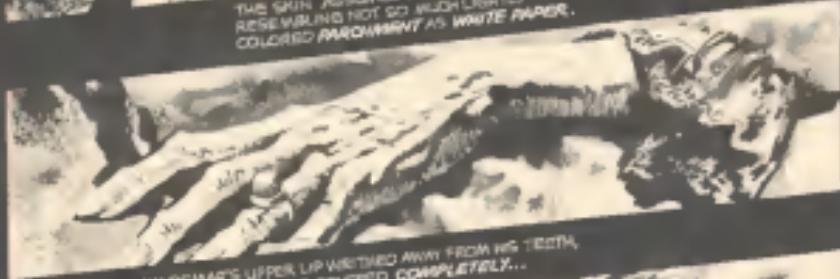


NO SOONER HAD HE FINISHED SPEAKING... WHEN
LOOKING DEATH, LIKE A VULTURE, POUNCED.

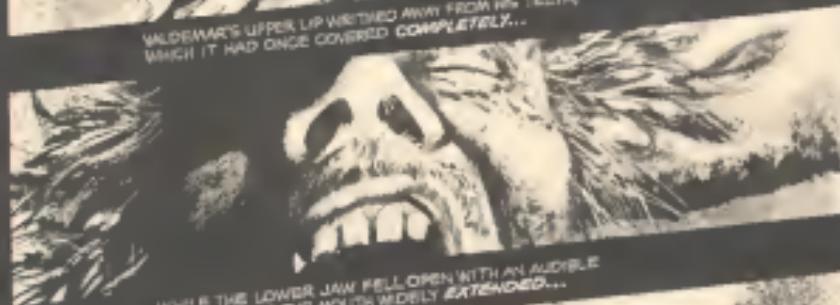
THE EYES ROLLED THEMSELVES SHUT...
HIS FOREHEAD RELAXED AND UNFURROWED



THE SKIN ASSUMED A CADAVEROUS HUE,
RESEMBLING NOT SO MUCH LIGHTLY
COLORED PARCHMENT AS WHITE PAPER.



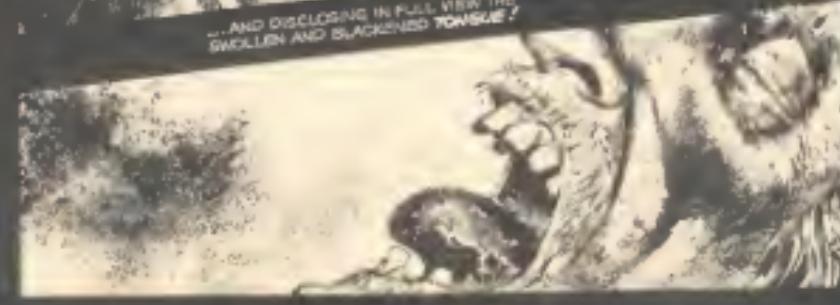
VALDEMAR'S UPPER LIP WITHDREW AWAY FROM HIS TEETH,
WHICH IT HAD ONCE COVERED COMPLETELY...



...WHILE THE LOWER JAW FELL OPEN WITH AN AUDIBLE
CRACK, LEAVING THE MOUTH WIDELY EXTENDED...



...AND DISCLOSING IN FULL VIEW THE
SWOLLEN AND BLACKENED TONGUE?



BOTH I AND THE PHYSICIAN AT MY SIDE, WERE ACCUSTOMED TO MANY DEATHBED HORRORS.



BUT NEITHER OF US WERE PREPARED FOR THE PATIENT'S HORRIFIC DEATH.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, DOCTOR? HE DIDN'T JUST DIE... HE LITERALLY WENT TO PIECES!



I TOOK HIS PULSE. THERE WAS NO LONGER THE FAINTEST SIGN OF VITALITY PRESENT. WE WERE ABOUT TO ARRANGE FOR BURIAL WHEN...



...ALL THAT IS HOLY...



BALDEMIIR SPOKE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!



...US...

THE VOICE ASSAILED OUR EARS FROM A KNOT DISTANCE... AS IF FROM SOME DEEP CAVERN WITHIN THE EARTH.

I HAVE BEEN SLEEPING...



...AND NOW...

...NOW I AM DEAD!

VALDEMAR HAD BEEN HYPNOTIZED TO FREE
HIM FROM ARM TO OUR COLLECTIVE
ANXIETY. NOT ONLY DID THIS OCCUR...



...BUT IT WAS EVIDENT THAT DEATH TOO
HAD BEEN ARRESTED BY THE MESMERIC PROCESS!

FOR MANY MONTHS, THE PATIENT VALDEMAR REMAINED IN THIS DOGGERE STATE - FROZEN IN TIME
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN MARCH LIFE AND COLD DEATH.



AND I WISH TO BLAME YOU FOR HOW
COULD THE OLD MAN EVER FIND
PEACE WITH HIS SOUL TRAPPED
THIS WAY?

I MADE UP MY MIND TO LIFT THE TRANCE ONCE AND FOR
ALL INNATELY THE COST TO MY OWN WELL-BEING



I HAD MADE SEVERAL VERY
DRASTIC HYPNOTIC PHRASES
OVER THE LIVING CORPSE,
WHEN HE SUDDENLY CRIED
OUT IN BLOOD-CURLING
PAIN.

I'M SORRY
VALDEMAR, HOW
COULD I HAVE
ENDURED?



WHAT HAPPENED NEXT IS SOMETHING
FOR WHICH NO HUMAN BEING COULD
HAVE PREPARED!





WALDEMAR'S ENTIRE BODY SHRUNK, WITHIN
THE SPACE OF A MINUTE...

THE PAIN...
THE... PAIN...

...CRUMPLED...

...THE PAIN...

...ROTTED AWAY BEFORE OUR VERY EYES!

UPON THE BED LAY A NEARLY
LIQUID MASS OF LOATHSOME
PUTRIDITY!

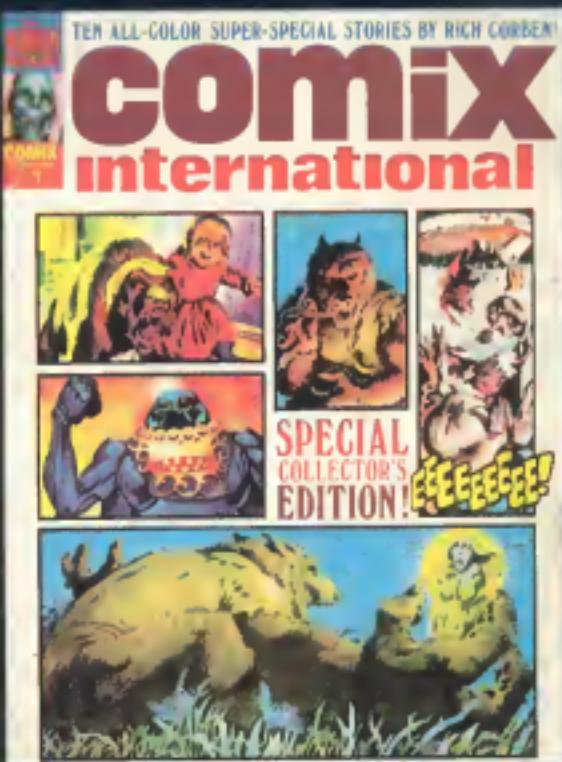
SEVERAL MONTHS OF SLOW, PROLONGED
DEATH HAD RUSHED TO CLAIM THE OLD
MAN AT ONCE. IT MUST HAVE BEEN
AGONIZING... DEATH PULLED HIM APART
AS IF MADDENED BY OUR HAVING
TAMPERED IN ITS REALM.

BUT FOR MY POOR FRIEND WALDEMAR, AS FOR
MYSELF, THIS EXPERIMENT WAS FINALLY OVER.

WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY PROUDLY INTRODUCES
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by rich corben